THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1807. [No. 10.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SLIPPERS.

A Turkish Tale.

(In continuation.)

WHEN a night's repose had cooled Karabeg's ideas, he began to consider that Zelica's love could not conduct him to the temple of happiness, while those cursed slippers crossed the path. At sunrise he paid his duty to his father, who, far from appearing enraged when he frankly avowed his attachment, promised that if his son should surmount Bakarak's dislike, he would not prove an obstacle to his felicity.

As Karabeg was returning home, the preceding evening, a man had dropped lifeless in the street, and not being known was carried to the Cadi's house. A tho't struck Karabeg, and going where the deceased lay, he took his slippers, and placed them in his girdle.

The beams of the morning sun had scarce gilded the spires and minarets of the city, when Karabeg again sought the place that contained all his hopes and wishes. Though he waited long in the street, as it was early he did not fear being discovered. At length the door of Bakarak's house opened; he skipped behind the pillar of a large portico opposite, and anxiously fixed his eyes on it. Bakarak came out, and took the way to the public bath; Karabeg softly followed, and when Bakarak entered, he also went in, though concealing himself from observation. The old man, as was the custom, left his slippers at the entrance; *these* Karabeg quickly seized, and replacing them with *those* he had brought, soon regained his father's house.

When Bakarak left the bath, he in vain sought his slippers; but seeing a pair so much handsomer in their place, (for, owing to his miserly disposition, the weight of his own had been increased by some few patches) went home contented with the exchange. In the course of the morning he was not a little surprised by a troop of guards, who surrounded his doors, and demanded to conduct him instantly to the Hall of Justice. In vain he enquired their orders, expostulated, prayed, demanded; they forced him along, and he soon found himself in the presence of old Mustapha, the Cadi, and the judges of the city. Doubting whether he was well awake, he stared in astonishment, but his dread was increased, when accused of having murdered a man in the public streets; his teeth chattered, and he could not answer. At last, however, he gained breath to deny the charge, though in a very incoherent manner. As a proof of guilt, his *slippers*, which had been found on the dead man's person, were produced. Bakarak cursed in his soul, both the slippers and those who held them. He could not deny the knowledge of them; many declared having seen them in the court before, and the cadi still remembered the weight of one of them on his cheek.

Those Bakarak had on were next examined; he was asked how he came by them? he explained his adventure at the baths that morning, and was laughed at. He was half mad with rage. The deceased had been owned, and his brother came forward and declared, that the slippers Bakarak then wore were the *murdered* man's. He now really trembled for life. 'How,' said the cadi, 'could a man who was found dead in the streets last night, go to the public baths this morning, and change a pair of slippers?' the case was clear; Bakarak had equivocated and was guilty: all appeared lost, when a young man stepped forward, and begged to be heard. Bakarak could not believe his eyes—it was Karabeg! He swore that at the time the man was found *murdered*, Bakarak had been in his own house. The old man breathed again. Assistance from whence he so little expected, almost overcame him. Karabeg therefore declared Bakarak was not the *murderer*. Bakarak seized his hand: he said more, that the murdered man was not murdered. Bakarak took him eagerly in his arms, and hugged him. An examination ensued; no wounds appeared, and it was discovered by the surgeons that the man had dropped down in a fit. Bakarak was acquitted on paying all the charges, and of course was happy to get off so well; for on the first appearance of the affair, a coincidence of events seemed to forbode his destruction. The unfortunate slippers were delivered to him, and he returned home. All the way he went, he thought of what had passed; had it not been for Karabeg he probably would have lost his life; he felt almost inclined to bestow his daughter on the young man. But, when seated in his library, the affair as-

sumed a different appearance; he examined every circumstance coolly, and began to suspect the truth. This irritated him more than ever against Karabeg, and cursing him and the slippers, he vented his rage in execrations. "I see it all," he exclaimed: "I foolishly said that when these confounded slippers proved my ruin, he should have Zelica, and 'tis thus the wicked dog wants to cheat me out of her, but by Mahommed he shall be baffled." The library overhung the river; the casement was thrown up to admit the breeze; the slippers lay before him: Bakarak felt determined; he siezed them in a phrenzy, and cast them into the water. 'Thank heaven,' ejaculated he, 'I am now safe.' The action had rather cooled him, and by night he was calm enough to give pretty loud symptoms that the events of the day had not disturbed his repose.

When Bakarak arose in the morning, he went as usual into his library; but who can conceive his astonishment, when he beheld the *slippers* lay before him? 'Surely,' he cried, gasping for breath, some evil spirit possesses them. Am I awake? I am certain yesterday's sun beamed on them in the river; 'tis incredible? but what is this smell?' he turned round, for the slippers had done more mischief than he at first imagined. The truth was, some fishermen came early that morning under Bakarak's windows to draw their nets, and finding them heavy, conceived they had a good draught; but in searching, all they discovered were the *slippers*; in a rage they jerked them away, and Bakarak's casement unfortunately happened to be the only one open; in they went, and striking a jar of odour of roses, for which the merchant had paid a large sum the day before, the force of the slippers broke it, and half the liquid had scented the floor. Bakarak, when he beheld the accident, fell on his knees. "Oh Mahommed, deliver me of these slippers, or I shall indeed be ruined." He called his slaves, to save what they could of the perfume, and rushing out, felt determined to get rid of his *curse*. He came to the sewer, which carried off the filth of the town; "no fishermen shall drag ye out again now," said he, as he threw the slippers in.

Karabeg, who had been watching that morning, saw Bakarak go, and waiting till out of sight, boldly knocked at the door; Mesroud opened it, "ah master," cried he, "my lady will be so glad to see you again." "Will your lady be glad, Mesroud? you enchant me; conduct me to her instantly." "But then if old Bakarak should return?" "Never mind old Bakarak;" and Karabeg had nearly pushed him down, so anxious was he to make use of the opportunity. They were soon together, and minutes flew away too fast. Zelica informed him of her father's rage being increased, and his suspicions, which he could not help uttering in her presence. Karabeg cursed his penetration. Mesroud, who had retired to watch for his master, in a short time warned them of his approach; but how Karabeg could escape without being perceived, was a doubt. While they were debating, Bakarak arrived in the street, and no longer could they hesitate. The lover soon decorated himself in one of Mesroud's vests, and disguising his face as much as the time would permit, he passed off as a brother of Mesroud's, who was dumb. Bakarak asked many questions, which the pretended brother undertook to answer, and eyed Karabeg so closely, he almost thought the old man suspected him.

Though all went on well, Zelica and Mesroud felt confused, while Karabeg often wished himself out of the house. Bakarak had not broken his fast that morning, and the agitation of his spirits had almost thrown him into a fever; he unfortunately felt his appetite craving its usual allowance. "Mesroud," said he, "I wish you would go and order some fruit and ices to eat with my breakfast; they will be cooling." "*I'll* go, brother," quickly answered Karabeg, thinking it would be an opportunity to escape. 'what cried Bakarak, 'the dumb opens his mouth at the motion of eating! this is a miracle I do not understand." The trio were now in a pretty situation, thro' the imprudence of the lover; however, as he found that a discovery must ensue, he put the best face he could on the affair and rubbed off the cork. But nothing could pacify Bakarak, who threatened, if he did not leave the house directly, the bastinado should force him. As for poor Mesroud, he would have been happy to escape on the same terms, but was actually regaled with the punishment promised, he consoled himself, however, with the hopes of revenge at some future period.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

I beg you to insert in your miscellany the following humourous anecdote, which I have transcribed for that purpose. Yours,

S.

ANECDOTE OF

GARRICK AND CERVETTO.

WHEN Garrick returned from Italy, he prepared an Address to the audience, which he delivered, previous to the first play he appeared in. When he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza. As soon as this unprecedented applause had subsided, he used every art, of which he was so completely master, to lull the tumult into a profound silence; and just as he had succeeded, and all was hush'd, and anxious expectation sat on every face—old Cervetto, who was better known by the name of *Nosy*, anticipated the first line of the Address—by——aw ——(a tremendous yawn)——A convulsion of laughter ensued, and it was some minutes before the wished for silence could be again restored. That, however obtained, Garrick delivered his Address

in that irresistible manner, by which he was always sure to captivate his audience, and he retired with such applause as was never before given, nor ever better deserved. But the affair did not rest here—the moment he came off the stage, he flew like lightning to the music room, where, collaring the astonished *Nosy*, he began to abuse him vociferously, "Wha—why—you old scoundrel, you must be the most infernal"——"Oh! Mr. Garrick, (cried poor Cervetto) vat is the matter?—Vat I haf don?—Oh! Gad, vat it is?" "Why you old eternal, senseless, idiot, with no more brains than your bass-viol, just at the moment I had played with the audience, tickled them like a trout, and brought them to the most accommodating silence; so pat to my purpose; so perfect, that it was, as one may say, a companion for Milton's visible darkness"——"Indeed, Mr. Garrick, it vas no darkness." "*Darkness*, stupid fool; but how should a man of my reading make himself understood by it; answer me, was not the whole house, pit, box, and gallery, very still?" "Yes, Sir, indeed, still as a mouse." "Well, then, just at that very moment, did you not, with your jaws extended wide enough to swallow a sixpenny loaf——Yaw?——Oh! I wish you had never shut them again." "Sare—Mr. Garrick—only, if you please, hear me one word—it is alvay the vay—it is, indeed, Mr. Garrick—alvay the vay I go, when I haf the greatest rapture, Mr. Garrick."

The *little great man's anger* instantly cooled; the cunning readiness of this Italian flattery, not only procured *Nosy's* pardon, but forced a declaration from his patron, that it ought to be *forgiven* for the *wit* of the offence.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

Extracts from the writings of Cowper.

No. 3.

Men really pious, delight in doing good by stealth: but nothing less than an ostentatious display of bounty will satisfy mankind in general.

No length of time can wear out a taste for harmony: and though plays, balls, and masquerades have lost all their power to please us, and we should find them not only insipid, but insupportable, yet sweet music is sure to find a corresponding faculty in the soul, a sensibility which lives to the last, which even religion itself does not extinguish.

The dread of a bold censure is ten times more moving than the most eloquent persuasion: they that cannot feel for others, are the persons of all the word who feel most sensibly for themselves.

There are few men that can do good and keep their own secrets; none perhaps without a struggle. In former days I have felt my heart beat, and every vein throb upon such an occasion. To publish my own deed was wrong; I knew it to be so: but to conceal it seemed like a voluntary injury to myself. Sometimes I could, and sometimes I could not succeed: such is the heart, and so is it made up.

Whatever I do, I confess that I most sincerely wish to do it well; and when I have reason to ope that I have succeeded, am pleased, indeed, but not proud; for he who placed every thing out of the reach of man, except what he freely gives him, has made it impossible for a reflecting mind, that knows this, to indulge so silly a passion for a moment.

A serious poem is like a swan; it flies heavily, and never far: but a jest has the wings of a swallow, that never tire, and that carry it into every nook and corner.

If we do not improve by practice, then nothing can mend us; and a man has no more cause to be mortified at being told that he has excelled himself, than the elephant had, whose praise it was that he was the greatest elephant in the world, himself excepted.

Magazines are publications we have but little respect for, till we ourselves are chronicled in them, and then they assume an importance in our esteem, which before we could not allow them.

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CORNELIA.

Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, and wife of the consul Sempronius, was one day in company with some Roman ladies, who were shewing their trinkets, and admiring their jewels, and whose minds seemed wholly occupied about their dress; observing Cornelia sit silent among them, they asked her to shew them *her* jewels, upon which, with a true maternal pleasure, she called her *children* to her, and presenting them to the company, said, "these ladies; these are my ornaments; these are my jewels, whom I have endeavoured to educate, for the good and glory of their country."

SIR TOBY BUTLER.

In 1711, the Irish treasury was robbed by one Pratt, an under clerk, who also set it on fire to conceal his robbery.

He was taken up on suspicion, on which he sent for the famous Sir Toby Butler, one of the most eminent and wittiest lawyers of his time. Having received his fee, and no third person being present, he told Pratt, that *if he had robbed the treasury*, he would engage he should not be hanged; but if *not*, the proofs were so strong against him, that he certainly *would*.

Pratt understood him, and said, no money should be wanting:—He was acquitted.

ANECDOTE.

An arabian, being asked of whom he had learned virtue, replied, "*of the bad*, for their wickedness inspired me with a distaste to vice."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

INDEED, Mr. editor, this will never do, Upon my word and honor, the apostle is not well treated. Time was, sir, when all the sparkling eyes "that tell us what the sun is made of," those cheeks that put the roses to the blush, those lips of vermilion, those "whiter necks than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster," were securely concealed beneath the impenetrable vail of the crape and the ruff. It is true that *sober Mr. Timon* complaineth sorely of the protrusive attacks made on the sensibility, by what a fair Philadelphian *wittess* beautifully periphrastical denominates the *heavenly orbs*, which, to the wondrous annoyance of beholders "did thro' the windows of the lawn bore at their eyes,' and which, with emphatic earnestness, he orders to be "set down *horrible traitors.*"

I am no cynic though, I assure you; nor do I intend to join the chorus of empty declamation against the *rites* and, *costumes* of the sex. In my humble opinion we have had a sufficiency of this in all conscience. What with the solemn denunciations from the pulpit, and the *Scarrontic* squibs of newspaper wits, the foibles of the fair have been exposed in every instance, and pursued with the sagacity of a Metaphysician, or a pointer, through all the mazes which the ingenuity of fashion devises, and the endless windings into which the ambition of shining conducts her votaries.

If the delicate belle think proper to equip her shivering corpuscle in robes of sarcenet and inanity when hoary Winter

His scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
His breath congeal'd upon his lips, his cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age—rules the inverted year,

bepurpling the rosy cheek and ivory elbow,—or when the genial gales of May breath softness and luxury around, her person decorated *a-la-Grecque*, with jewels, shoulder knots, and nudity, she love to take the promenades *matin* and *vesper*, through the Champs Elysées,—in the name of Ricamiere and *gout raffiné*, what has any man or mother's son to say against it?

But, Mr. editor, this is not the business. I should have no objection in the world to the charmers' arming themselves with every weapon of destruction, of "wielding "the lightning of the eye" (hush Dr) of displaying all the fascinations of form aided by all that dress and the toilet cultivation can lend to natural beauty—in short of their taking advantage of every fair and Christian means for doing execution, did they observe to do this at proper seasons.

Perhaps if it is not more than a month since grandma died, Miss Kitty may remember the catechism informs us that six days in the week only we are to labour and to do work. Now nobody I hope will be so obstinate as to maintain that *killing* and *being killed* are not to be classed in the list of *actuals*, and consequently interdicted on all these specified occasions.

It was but the other Sunday evening that I went to church, as you know every devout parson ought to do, but—*O tempora! O mores!*——nay, Miss, I ask your pardon—such exclamations as these sanctioned as they are by the authority of all writers, scribblers, poets, and poetasters, are the farthest imaginable from any thing like *pedantry*—and, besides, have the happy effect of making people stare, and setting their wits and inventions afloat in order to discover the latent meaning. Cicero's *O tempora! O mores!* has something *frappant* in it, you will observe, which is not at all to be discovered in the simple and vernacular *O tempters, O Moses*, and therefore——but to return—*O tempora!* as I was saying, *O mores!*—notre Bourdaloue might have made the sounding board re-echo, two hours and a half summer solar time, and on a key nineteen feeble notes higher than he did—the apostle might have been expatiated away into "shreds and patches," and the good people, their restless passions lulled to peace, might have all sunk into soft repose, ere any permanent impressions had been made upon me——from the pulpit I mean.

It is not altogether proper, is it sir, to keep one's eyes in the pew?—insinuations, you know, are liable to be made, and particularly in a case in which such insinuations are too frequently found to be realized.

But say, Mr. editor, circumstanced as I was what should one have done? It is agreed on all hands that we attend church for the sake of edification and instruction; now what matters it whether one's mind at that time be occupied in the science of *Profit* and *Loss*, which however I have the charity to believe is not often the case, or in the science of Astronomy, which I apprehend is still rarer; or, finally, captivated by the charms, fascinated "by the power of a heart-robbing eye," rapt in fetters of the tresses of an eclatante beauté, the effect is still the same, the prime object is equally neglected and equally frustrated.

Judge then, what must have been the instruction I received from the sermon, when I found myself immediately after prayers, seated vis á vis one of the loveliest *demoiselles* immagination can paint to herself—(join two or more ladies in one compliment, says Peterborough, give to both the beauty of Venus, and the wit of Minerva, and you will please neither) and from that time till service was over, and the clinking of the Carolos began to be heard, I protest——but I find that every nook is filled and that I have scarcely room to entreat your advice, relative to the manner in which I should act in such a situation, should a like circumstance ever take place again. Do, sir, for goodness sake give it, if it is only the

half of half a dozen directions to your piteous petitioner,

DONALD DUBIOUS.

Poor DONALD, how much consideration dost thou claim—thy peace of mind destroyed by the charms of "a white wench's black eye,"—shot through the heart by the fascinations of beauty—truly thy complaints are deserving attention—For the present, however, we recommend thy *sad* case to the considiration of our readers and correspondents, in the hope that some one of them will kindly pity and afford advice.

Several instances of surprising memory are upon record, which almost exceed belief. Of a certain General it has been said he knew the name and person of every individual in his army. Of another person, that he would repeat several thousand disconnected words after once hearing them, reversing the order in which they were delivered, and perhaps what is more surprising, of the celebrated Philidor, that he frequently played at three games of chess at the same time, without seeing either of the boards. The following extract relates an account of as useful and retentive memory as either we have mentioned. It is from the life of HUGH BOYD.

Emerald

THE distinguishing qualities of his mind were memory, clearness, and perspicacity. What he once heard or read he never forgot. He could repeat all the passages that he most admired, and these were of course very numerous, in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Thucydides, Tacitus, Bacon, Machiavel, and Montesquieu. In poetry, his favorite authors were Homer and Milton, and he could repeat several books of the Iliad, and of Paradise Lost, from the beginning to the end. The speeches that he had heard in Parliament, or in the courts of the law, he always remembered, not only in substance, but in the very form and phrase in which they were spoken. And even in familiar conversation, whatever interested his mind, never again escaped it.

The strength of his memory, and the clearness of his understanding were such, that he could make arithmetical calculations of considerable length and intricacy, entirely in his mind; without taking down a single unit, he could in a short space of time multiply nine given figures by other nine, and give the product; and in the same manner, he could, in the course of an hour, resolve any question in the *Rule of Three*, or in *Vulgar Fractions*. In playing at his favorite game of chess, he would walk about the room, and while he was conversing with seeming attention on other subjects, dictate the moves to another person, from being told the situation of his adversary's pieces, and the moves he had made, without once looking at the board himself.

In January 1775, he published the first of those speeches of Lord Chatham's, which are inserted in this volume. Of this speech, the wonderful powers of his memory, together with his having long accustomed his mind to Lord Chatham's "peculiar elegance of style and sentiment," enabled him to retain the most perfect recollection; and Lord Temple, and many others who heard it, used to say, that Mr. Boyd's report was *verbatim* as it was spoken: but it is, if possible, still more extraordinary, that after eighteen years had elapsed, I have heard him repeat the greatest part of it. Mr. Boyd's mode of writing down speeches from memory, was altogether peculiar, and therefore deserves to be recorded. He never took any notes of the speeches he had heard; but after attending a long debate in Parliament, he would sup at a tavern, with some friends, return home at two or three in the morning, go to bed directly, rise about seven, and write down such speeches as he had most admired in the course of the debates, without once looking at any of the newspaper reports, to facilitate his recollection. This is an absolute fact, which many of his friends have often witnessed.

Extract from an English Publication.

THE manner of knocking at doors in London designates the quality of the person who wishes for admittance. For example, a single knock announces the milkman, coalman, servant, or beggar, and implies, *I beg leave to be admitted.* A double knock indicates the postman, or some one in great haste; as much as to say, *I must come in.*—A treble knock denotes the master or mistress of the house, or persons intimately acquainted with them. This speaks in the imperative, *Open immediately.*—Four distinct knocks announce a person of the *bon ton*, one degree below nobility. These are given by a servant, and signify, *I am coming in.* The four knocks twice repeated, in a style truly *staccato* and firm, announce a Peer or Peeres, a nabob of Arcot, a Russian Prince, a German Baron, or some other extraordinary personage. This is as much as to say, *I am doing you a great honor in calling to see you.*

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EXTRACT FROM THE WORKS OF MRS. GLOOMY.

'STRANGER,' said Frederick, 'art thou of heaven or hell? Why have thy canonized bones left the quiet and peaceful sepulchre, the grave of thy deceased forefathers? I conjure you to answer me.' The night was dark, the moon was obscured by sable clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the leaves of the wide-spreading larch-trees were agitated by the rising tempest. Frederick, altho' unused to fear, felt his mind perturbed. The specter, for so it appeared by the transitory flashes of the vivid lightning, made no answer. Already his hand was upon the hilt of his sword. He drew it forth from its scabbard, and, with one blow, severed the head from the body.—He now discovered the object of his fears to be a——scare-crow!!!

The spendthrifts of the last age used to puff off a dun with "stay till I am married." The modern tradesmen declare, that all their bills are adjourned till my Lord or Sir John is divorced;—and some ladies have assured the most pressing of their creditors that *upon their honor* they are in the commons already. *Lon. Pub.*

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

Some friends of Philip of Macedon, having advised him to banish a man who had spoken ill of him at Court; he replied, "By no means, for that is the way to make him rail at me, where I am less known."

Being at another time importuned to punish the ingratitude of the Peloponesians, for having hissed him at the Olympic games:—"How will they serve me, replied he, "should I punish them, when they cannot forbear affronting me, after so many obligations?"

COMPARISON.

MAN may be compared to a book—his birth is the title page; his baptism is the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood, the arguments or contents of the whole ensuing treatises; his life and actions, are the subject; his sins and errors, the faults escaped; his repentance, the corrections: As for the volumes some are in folio, some in quarto, some in octavo, and some in duodecimo; some are plain bound, others more elegantly; some have piety and godliness for their subject; but great numbers are mere romances, pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every of every one there stands a word, which is FINIS, and this is the last word in every book: Such is the life of man; some longer, some shorter, some weaker some stronger; some finer, some coarser; some holy, some pious, some profane; but death comes in like Finis, at the end, and closes up all—for God hath appointed unto all men once to die, and after death comes the judgment.

He that hath little understanding, and feareth God, is better than he that is exceeding wise, and transgresseth the laws of the Most High.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS,
FOR NOVEMBER.

Dresses.—A frock of French cambric, trimmed all round with lace; the sleeves full, and fastened up at the bottom with a broach—swansdown tippet.—A small dress hat of sarsnet.—A dress of plain or worked muslin; the front made quite straight over the bosom, and confined with medallions or broaches; the sleeves made full on the top, and the bottom looped with a slider—cap of white lace; ornamented flowers—a large scarf-shawl—white gloves and shoes.

Morning walking dresses.—A morning dress of plain muslin, made high over the neck, and trimmed all round with a frill of double muslin; long sleeves trimmed round the bottom. Cap of muslin, with a lace border, ornamented with a bunch of roses in front. A train dress of plain muslin, with a spencer of purple sarsnet, trimmed round the bottom with a deep lace. A small round bonnet, to correspond with the spencer. Black shoes.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ODE,
For the New Year.

DECEMBER! chilling month, once more farewell!
We joy, he hail thee, first-born of the year!
And greet thee, smiling as thou dost appear,
With song, and dance, and transports, like thee new.
The dark-rob'd winter, clad in ice and snow,
We heed not, while the cheerful embers glow.
To soul-enliven'ing sounds, in numbers sweet,
Hark! the soft flute and cheerful tabor beat.

In mazy dance
The pairs advance,
Each beauteous face,
And manly grace
United, renders all our joys complete.

Ye lovely fair ones! may you ever prove
The social joys of seasons long to come;
Domestic pleasures friendship, peace and love,
Abroad admir'd, and idoliz'd at home.

May thine evening's amusement,
And morning's reflection,
Be forever devoid
Of the sigh of dejection.

And since each hostile fear is o'er
Which threaten'd late our friendly shore,
May our country still united,
By falshood ne'er blighted,
Increase in its commerce, its wealth, and its store.

Ye FAIR, accept our hope, our wish sincere,
Peace to all hearts, and many a

HAPPY YEAR.

THE *custom* at the commencement of the year, of wishing our friends and acquaintance happiness during its continuance, is, in our opinion, less honored in the breach than the observance; we, therefore, in addressing our patrons, in the language of our new year's ode, wish "peace to all hearts, and many a happy year."

W. S. TURNER,
NO. 29 PARTITION STREET,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he practises Physic, and the profession of Surgeon Dentist.

He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of Cleaning the Teeth, is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain or injury to the enamel. In the most raging Tooth ache, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting Carious Teeth upon the most improved Chirurgical principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any gentleman or lady, at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at the above place; where may be had, his Anti-scorbutic Tooth-Powder, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance; the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with Decay and Tooth ache prevented.

The tincture and powder may likewise be had at G. and R. Waite's stores, No's 64 & 38 Maiden Lane. Nov. 1.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
JEWELLERS,

And Watch Makers, 137, William street, and 441 Pearl street, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool an extensive assortment of Plated Ware, consisting of the following articles:

Superb round, oval, and oblong tea and coffee Urns with legs and lamps.
Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons, and cream Ewers in complete sets to match.
Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.
Oval and oblong cake baskets.
Candlesticks, and brackets newest fashions, with silver gadroons.
Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers Elegant three light Branches.
Snuffers and snuffer trays.
Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands.
Salts, wine strainers, wax winders with tapers.
Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.
Mustard spoons, &c.
A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.
Egg boilers for six eggs with lamp and stand.
Oblong rich cut glass Epergnes, with engraved leaf edge. And a variety of other articles of the best plate silver edged and fashionable patterns. Also an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons & creams, ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets &c &c. elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set broaches, pins, ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and broaches, watch chains, seals and keys etc.

They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethisths, and cornelian very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs gold and silver epaulets trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles coral beads buttons etc.
Repeating horizontal and L'Epine gold watches
Silver single and double case ditto.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth-powder. Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand gold and silver work of every description wholesale & retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of watches of every construction.

This day is published, price 37 cents,
A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,
Which may be bought or read.
AT OSBORN'S BOOK STORE, LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM,
No. 13, Park;
Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes, of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages; among which will be found many rare and curious Books in no other collection in America.

☞ *Every New Work of merit, (excepting those only which are strictly professional) whether of European, or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading-room as soon as it can be obtained.* Nov. 8.

PATENT FLAGELET MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY.
JOHN BUTLER,

From London, begs leave to acquaint the ladies and gentlemen of New-York, that he has opened a Manufactory at 54, Maiden Lane, for the much-admired improved Patent Flagelet Military Musical Instruments.....The *Patent Flagelet* is generally allowed to be superior to any ever offered for sale. The ease of fingering, neatness of form, and brilliancy of tone, renders it an Instrument of admiration both for ladies and gentlemen. The pitch is from C sharp below the line, up to F in alt, which renders it pleasant either as a Solo Instrument or an accompaniment to the Piano Forte, Ladies and gentlemen knowing music, may, in a few lessons, acquire a proficiency; and those unacquainted therewith, may learn in less than one third the time that is generally allowed to for learning any other instrument. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer, and teacher, and of Mess Paff's, City-Hotel, Broadway. Dec. 27.
ew3m

CIRCASSIAN LOTION,
FOR THE SKIN.
Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for sunbeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluctions, Catarrhs, and a Phthisickly complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disgrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. It may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, cures all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

Tortoise Shell Combs.
A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF
TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,
FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH,
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New-York Hair Powder and perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassic, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving--- with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.
violet double scented do. 1s. 6d do.
beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or role, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2. & 3s. each. common dittto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s. per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. ⁂ Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. Nov. 1

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN,
No. 15, Catharine-street, near the watch house
Nov. 1. 4

From the Port Folio

The readers of *Love and Reason*, a ballad, by Mr. Moore, and lately printed in the Port Folio will be pleased, as I persuade myself, with the subjoined poem, entitled, *The Nursing of Love*. Here, too, the poor child arrives at an untimely end, but not through the means of that terrible bugbear, Reason.

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lapp'd on Cythera's golden sands,
When True-Love first was born on earth,
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claim'd the sweet employ:
Her cup, her thornless flow'r, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub-head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeful mind of youth;
Too mild the seraph, Peace, appear'd:
Too stern, too cold, the matron, Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own;
But Prudence disallow'd her right;
She deem'd her Iris-pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was giv'n,
And well with Hope the cherub throve;
Till Innocence came down from Heav'n,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad, with envious spite,
When all prefer'd to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
Tir'd Innocence, to slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then Pleasure, on the thoughtless child,
Her toys and sugar'd poison's prest;
Drunk with new joy, he heav'd, he smil'd,
Reel'd, sunk—and died upon her breast.

The foregoing is a translation, and, as you need not be told, from a modern poet: I regret that I cannot give you the author's name. It is very possible that we have here the parent of *Love and Reason*, which seems to be neither more nor less than an illustration of one of the thoughts:

Too cold, too stern, the matron, Truth.

TO ANNA.

Dear Anna, to your question, why
Lovers so bashful are,
I can return but one reply,
One reason for their fear.

'Tis said, and so the poets sung,
That modesty and love
Are twins from beauteous Venus sprung,
Born in the realms above.

Descending to our earth they came,
When Jove did thus ordain,
"Their votaries shall be the same,
And both united reign."

Thus when a swain attempts to speak,
By love urged on to say
How he adores, quick glows his cheek,
And accents die away.

But by this rule you'll ever find
The blush of crimson true,
The index of a generous mind,
Sincere, humane and true.

PITY.

Soft as the falling dews of night
The tear of pity flows;
Bright as the morn's returning light,
That gilds the opening rose.

Sweet as the fragrant breeze of May,
Her sympathetic sigh!
Mild as the dawning tint of day,
The beam that lights her eye.

Still, gentle spirit, o'er my heart
Preserve thy wonted sway;
Teach me to blunt affliction's dart,
And soothe her cares away.

INDEPENDENCE.

I loathe the spirit that would fawn and cringe,
Tho' for the universe. What are worlds on worlds,
Systems on systems, and the void immense
To him, who has relinquish'd independence?
What were God himself, enthron'd sublime,
Far above worlds: the whole creation vast—
Wheel within wheel, revolving at his feet?
If 'mid this glory we could view him once
On any part dependent or the whole;
We'd spurn his worship, and to bow the knee
In sullenness refuse. 'Tis independence
Makes him the object of our adoration,
Makes him Almighty, makes him God of gods
Creation's Lord, the universe' support!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

DRESS.

A dress too prudish, conceals beauty; a costume too free prostitutes it. A Latin poet observes, I do not like Diana when dressed, nor Cytharea quite naked. One is destitute of voluptuousness, the other has too much.

It is natural that females should be more tender, and more unfortunate than men in *all* their affections...even the most legitimate. As wives, as mothers, what have they not to suffer! Providence, in separating the sexes, has placed on one side courage and dangers, and on the other, by a necessary consequence, fears, inquietude and sorrow! He who must expose himself to every kind of danger should possess an heart more *firm* and *less* tender. But it is necessary that the being whom he protects and defends, be prompt to take alarm, and tremble for his safety: that he should view with terror and dread all the dangers which he braves and encounters for her sake: even her *weakness* is the *guarantee* of her *gratitude*. These serve to encrease her admiration and attachment. She is timid and fearful—often trembling at chimeras;—but her love is augmented in proportion to her terrors.

Modesty often passes for errant haughtiness, as, what is deemed *spirit*, in a horse often proceeds from *fear*.

Time fruitlessly passed away, will end in an aching heart.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

Art thou desirous of a kingdom, says the philosopher, I will presently show thee one——*Rule wisely over thyself.*

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.
To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.
To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

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